

The

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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*The Paper that Will Tell You the Truth*

## Notes of the Week

### Unkind to the Donkey

Napoleon said: "Better an Army of Donkeys with a Lion at their head than an Army of Lions with a Donkey to lead them." We have got the Army of Lions right enough, but to describe the Prime Minister as a Donkey would be an insult . . . to the Donkey!

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### Lady Astor and Heredity

Lady Astor has, according to the Press, bluntly declared against the hereditary principle in the Second Chamber. What has Nancy Witcher got to do with the hereditary principle? Nothing. She was an American and married to an American, by whom she has a grown-up son, who is not likely to benefit by the hereditary principle. Having disengaged herself from her first husband she married a man who was technically an English peer, but who was himself naturalised. The English worship of wealth alone has gained him his peerage. On the whole I think Nancy Witcher would do well to hold her tongue about the hereditary principle, with which she has no concern. Indeed, it would be wise if this vivacious lady, who has considerable ability, would only learn to avoid putting her foot in where she is not concerned. I think perhaps some of her bitterness and her recent attack on the Duchess of Atholl were due to the consciousness that all her wealth could not secure for her a title of the respect which that lady's attainments have secured for her.

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### An All-Night Farce

In the Parliaments of last century the all-night sitting was a familiar feature, it being the device invented by Parnell and Biggar to render the Parliament and the hated Saxon impotent and ridiculous. At that time the public were amused; the Press were grateful for anything more attractive than the wrongs of Ireland; and members liked the occasion of proving their zeal by the number of divisions. But to-day it is doubtful if it serves any of these purposes. It has ceased to amuse; and the more critical public has come to recognise that if a minority of 50 can prevent a majority of 450 from doing business, parlia-

mentary government has become a farce. The chief interest seemed to centre round the 600 eggs consumed, and the amount of coffee drunk compared with tea. The bone of contention was the time-table of the Unemployment Relief Bill. As this is a first class Government measure, the Government are right to make their own arrangements, and the only result of this childish performance will be a further curtailment of the rights of Opposition.

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### That Surplus!

Mr. Chamberlain has already £10,000,000 in hand, and by March he will probably have a surplus of £15,000,000, which is roughly the equivalent of 6d. in the pound. But we income-tax payers will get none of it, be sure of that. It will all be swallowed up in "social services," which the working classes take as of right without thanks. If anything is left over it will go in aircraft defence, as Lady Houston's gift has been refused, and naval defence, to which I don't object, of course.

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### The Swan Song of the League

There is something pathetic about the fall of the League of Nations, which the Dying Swan Song of M. Avenol and Sir Robert Horne tends to emphasise. The League, as Sir Robert Horne admitted, has made many blunders and many failures. It has done so because it consisted mainly of intellectual idealists who refused to recognise their own limitations. It is rather amusing that Sir Eric Drummond and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, hitherto the most highly paid and zealous of its fuglemen, should now, having left its service, have become its most bitter critics.

For my part I think that Europe is rid of a dangerous and disintegrating force. Most of its loans, for which it solicited its subscriptions from Western Europe, are now in default. Its endeavours to mediate between such nations as Japan and its neighbours were simply mischievous, and it is difficult to see what there is left for the League to do. It is, indeed, rather in the position of the Fool "whose bells have ceased to ring," and I cannot imagine anybody listening to its dissertations.

I am sorry, in a way, for the disappointment which must be felt by Lord Cecil of Chelwood; but it is a disappointment which must always

occur to the idealist when he comes into contact with cold reality. It is now clear that the League of Nations owes its birth to Mr. Wickham Steed, and to the bad faith of the American people. Had the Americans supported President Wilson and signed the Treaty of Versailles the League would still be a potent and useful force. As it is the American Republican party have betrayed their Chief Magistrate, and those who called themselves good Europeans. When Metternich was told that the Emperor had returned from Moscow he said: "Yes, but without his Army." The League of Nations is an Emperor without his Army, and we fear it will linger through a useless and unhonoured old age.

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### A Monstrous Cruelty

If there is one belief more firmly planted than another in the average Briton's mind it is that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own. Yet no belief is more unfounded. Hardly a year passes that Parliament does not interfere with this right. He is not allowed to do what he likes with his children, nor his house, nor his land, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his. One field is still left where he is allowed to do what he likes, most improperly in my opinion. A man is still allowed testamentary liberty. A man can still "cut off with a shilling" a son who has disobeyed him, or wasted his life in dissipation, or a wife with whom he has quarrelled, or to whom he has taken a dislike.

In no other civilised country that I know of is this monstrous cruelty allowed. The son's character is probably what his father has made it, and in any case he didn't ask to be brought into the world. A man may easily come to hate his wife, but that is no reason why he should be allowed to leave her destitute whom he is obliged to maintain in life. In other countries, in France and Scotland, for instance, the law compels a certain provision to be set aside for the widow and children. I am glad to see that Sir Alexander Milne is about to introduce a Bill to prevent this abuse of individual liberty, and if the Government do not take it up it will be a scandal.

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### Echoes of the Past

No one can quite escape from the past and not a few of the Prime Minister's one-time comrades—"coal-legues," he would call them himself—are ever eager to remind him of the good old times. It was rather cruel both to him and Viscount Snowden that at this season of all others a Socialist member should move in the House of Commons a motion which ten years ago was moved by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Snowden in their unregenerate days. Then they expatiated on "the failure

of private enterprise and the need for the Socialisation of industry." Now they keep their designs up their sleeves—yet if a mixed metaphor may be permitted, the Conservative party under its Dormouse Conductor dance to the tune they pipe.

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### Small Change

Cupro-nickel pennies and half-pennies are shortly to be issued for circulation in the Rhodesias and Nyassaland, which countries will then be freed from the disadvantages of having no coin of smaller value than a threepenny bit. That very well informed paper *East Africa* remarks that this has undoubtedly been a contributory cause of the high cost of living and suggests that the respective governments should have gone further and introduced cents on the model of the other East African Dependencies.

This small coinage, it points out, has greatly fostered native trade which has been under a great disadvantage in the "tickey" or threepenny bit countries compared with the cent countries such as Tanganyika—a disadvantage which will be only partially removed by the introduction of pennies and half-pennies.

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### The Case of L.26

The news that the Admiralty have quashed the Court Martial proceedings against Lt.-Commander John H. Lewis following the grounding and subsequent explosion in submarine L.26 has been received with widespread approval both in and out of the Service. It will be remembered that the explosion resulted in the loss of two lives and in nineteen men being injured. No sooner did they hear the news than naval officers and others conversant with the usual naval procedure concluded that Commander Lewis' naval career was virtually at an end. The sentence of the court martial substantiated this belief. Now the Admiralty have re-instated the officer in command of his submarine. By doing so they have not only retained the services of a most efficient officer, but have done much to restore confidence and to disperse the wide belief that any accident in the naval service demands immediate human sacrifice, whether the accident can be proved to have been the result of criminal negligence or not. The fact that cases of court martial verdicts being overridden by higher authority are extremely rare not only shows that martial justice is usually found on examination to be correct, but adds to the belief that any accident ruins an officer's chances of promotion. It is an unfortunate fact that disastrous "acts of God" are most prevalent among officers who are running strongly in the "promotion stakes."

### Naval Recruiting

There is a feeling in many quarters that the Second Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Personnel spoke out of turn in his speech to the boys of the training ship *Mercury* the other day. This belief is strengthened by the obvious efforts of the Admiralty to explain away Admiral Pound's words. These were concerned with naval recruiting and revealed that about 8,000 recruits would be required for the Navy for the next four or five years. While a large number of these recruits are undoubtedly required to make good wastage, one cannot believe that all 8,000 are, since this figure represents an increase in recruiting of exactly 100 per cent. on recent years. Here we have a hint as to the Naval Estimates for next year. Admiral Pound's words seem to promise an increase, however slight, in Vote A, which regulates the maximum numbers of the naval personnel. Any increase in this vote is to be welcomed. It has been falling steadily since 1927, and it is now so low that full crews are not available for the ships serving with the fleets, while trained crews could not be provided for the ships now held in reserve, should these be required in a sudden emergency. A few weeks ago Earl Beatty said that in the last few years the naval personnel had been reduced by 12,000 men, and that he doubted "most emphatically" whether we had the men fully to man our ships. It seems that one, at least, of Earl Beatty's trenchant warnings has not fallen on deaf ears.

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### The Singapore Conference

In January the naval Commanders-in-Chief of China, the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand are to meet at Singapore to discuss "matters of mutual interest." These should be many, for it is upon the shoulders of these commanders in the East that rests a great weight of responsibility for the planning of the defence of the Empire and its Trade in what is at present its most vulnerable spot. The conference is likely to be of particular importance in view of the growing feeling both in Australia and at home that the provisions for defence in those waters are utterly inadequate. It is very fitting that such a conference should take place at Singapore, the greatest focal point of all our far Eastern trade routes and the inevitable point d'appui of any scheme of defence designed to give security to that trade and the colonies and dominions chiefly affected. That the deliberations and findings of these men on the spot who are conversant with the local conditions as well as the larger issue must be of supreme importance there can be no doubt. One wonders, however, what becomes of the minutes of such meetings. Do they, on their arrival in Whitehall, receive the consideration and

attention which is their due, or do they amass minute sheets until at last they find their way into those very efficient lethal chambers kept for the silencing of uncomfortable words? We fear the latter, for we believe that the findings of the Singapore Conference are bound to be supremely uncomfortable to the connoisseurs of arm chairs.

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### These Marine Monsters

The German submarine captain who has just stated that he saw a 60 feet long "floundering monster" with the short legs and body of a crocodile flung into the air when a torpedoed steamer blew up in the Atlantic, is probably quite right when he asserts that the ocean contains monsters of whose size and type we are totally unaware.

Why not? We have not charted one-tenth of the world's ocean beds. We do not know what may lurk in the Stygian gloom of the Atlantic and Pacific "abysses," still less in the green depths of the Indian Ocean and all those romantic seas of spices and corals—the Banda Sea, the Sulu Sea, the Seas of Arafura and Flores and Bengal and Celebes and all the salty miles that knew the keels of the Eastern pioneers and pirates.

Why should there be no monsters? Do we not still discover rarities on land—in countries which have known mankind for aeons?

The Bongo, the Okapi, the Giant Panda, the Golden Takin—these are either so newly known or so rarely seen that not one man in ten thousand has seen even their stuffed skins, least of all the living beast. Indeed only four Golden Takin have been killed by white men. Yet they exist. so why not the sea-monster—even if of Loch Ness?

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### International Horse Show

It is good news to learn that the International Horse Show is to be revived next year. It has always been one of the brightest events of the season and has given us a *cachet* in equine circles such as no other country possesses.

The time should be particularly favourable for the organisers since never of recent years have so many people taken to riding as a recreation—and not people from County families who have been brought up on horseback, but those from business and the professions who a few years ago would have turned instinctively to the golf links or the motor car.

The presence at Olympia of the crack riders from numerous nations should not only fan the enthusiasm of novices but should attract many newcomers to one of the grandest of English pastimes.



# What's The Matter With The Income-Tax?

By A.A.B.

**H**OW comes it that people with £2,000 a year live at the rate of £6,000 a year?

There is something wrong with the assessment of income-tax, or the collection or the payment of it. Possibly with all three. A person who lives in a house rented at £300 a year cannot do with less than four servants, and each servant costs, in these days, with wages and food, at least £150 a year, that is £600 a year. The rates are half the rent, that is £150 a year; this makes £1,050 out of the £2,000. The income-tax on £2,000 is £500, which makes £1,550.

How much is to be allowed for the upkeep of the house, when the smallest repairs cost double what they used to? If we want a window cord repaired, it costs 10s. instead of 3s. Let us put the upkeep for repairs etc., at £100 a year; that makes £1,650, leaving £350 out of the £2,000 for restaurants, cabarets, health, and out of door eating. That, as Euclid would say, is absurd.

Everything in the shops is dearer, with the possible exception of clothes. We know that vegetables and fruit, and meat and fish, depend on whether we live in S.W.1, or S.W.2, in Marylebone or Kensington, as compared with S.E.1, and yet the thing goes on from day to day openly and avowedly. Tradesmen all tell the same tale. My poulterer has sold 500 turkeys; my wine merchant and my other tradesmen tell me that they have never had such a good time, or been so busy before.

## How is it Done?

All this means expenditure, and how is it done out of £2,000 a year? Of three things, (1) either the income-tax is not properly collected, or (2) the people don't pay it, or (3) the banks are very lenient in their granting of overdrafts. This latter I know to be untrue. The banks charge a disproportionate amount for overdraft, out of proportion that is to say, to the amount they pay you when you have a credit balance. There is something very wrong about the whole thing.

I have come to believe that the County Court Judge who said that the banks worried the small man and let the big man alone, was right, and I think that the time has really come when the House of Commons should appoint a Commission to enquire into the administration of

the Income-tax. It is bad enough to be taxed 5s. in the pound without being cheated into the bargain.

It would appear that the majority of people are living beyond their means, and how is it done? Credit was never so charily given, and it is a matter of notoriety that the higher the price of things, especially luxuries, the more they sell.

How this is to be remedied, I don't know; but any tradesman will tell you that the way to increase the sale of any article is to increase its price. There is something very wrong about the whole thing. The system of rebates is ridiculous. For instance, the only person who gets exemption on account of dependents must be either a widow or a widower.

## The Abuse of Rent

The exorbitant charge for rent in all parts of London has become an intolerable abuse. The extravagance of people who live patently and obviously beyond their means is the reason why everything in the shops is so much dearer. That, however, is in the hands of the much-abused banker.

There is no other country in the world where the individual is so heavily taxed, and it is astonishing that the people of this country endure it. In return England gets for it the respect of the world—which does not pay their bills! Money must be pouring into England from all parts of the world, which is the reason why our gilt-edged securities return so small a yield. Every system of taxation ought to be uniform, intelligible, and fairly levied. That is all I ask, and this is what we are entitled to receive from Somerset House.

It is obvious that those people who do not pay their fair share of Income-tax throw a greater burden on those who do, and what I say about this does not apply so much to the country as to those who live in town.

The excessive cost of living in town is largely due to the exorbitant amount of wages demanded by domestic servants, and this can never be altered as long as the Banks, Clubs, and the large shops insist on employing women instead of men, in order to increase their dividends. This, however, is equalising itself, for women are being paid more and more, and men less.



# "And You Will Always Be Fools"

By "KIM"

**T**HIS is the period of good will, when we would all fain forgive others their trespasses.

Much would we give if at this Yuletide we could sing with conviction "Peace on Earth" with the feeling that there was peace on earth!

Alas, there is not! The whirligig of time revolves with ever-increasing rapidity. Everything around us appears to be in a state of flux. One day we find Germany and Poland composing their differences which, on the face of it, seems advantageous, if it does away with the menace of the Danzig Corridor; on the next we hear France, after further cementing her union with the Little Entente, is trying to effect a new entente with Russia; then we hear of awkward "incidents" between the Russians and Japs on the Manchurian frontier; there is a report of Japan crossing the Great Wall in China, which is bound to cause international complications, and so it goes on and on.

With all these unrestful performances of macabre tendency in the programme, evident to Continental observers, we in this country are being given the spectacle of a diplomatic Harlequinade, in which the part of the Clown is played indifferently by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Pantaloon by "Slippery Sim," otherwise Sir John Simon. The victim, of course, is that amiable old gentleman, John Bull, who is trying to attend to his proper business, but is tripped up, blindfolded, gagged, bound, has his pocket picked and then is socked with heavy "sossages" or peace slogans. Nobody rescues him, to the delight of an audience of Pacifists and Continental Twisters who have not even paid for their seats. The backcloth represents Geneva.

## Hugging Delusions

Stripped of its metaphorical verbiage, the Disarmament Committee of the Cabinet are still taking not the least step to prevent the inevitable flare-up in Europe, and probably Asia, by making the power of Britain felt. They still hug their delusions that, as war is brutal and might is not right, with other copybook platitudes, if they continue to set the noble example of providing a totally inadequate Air Force, Navy and Army, they can prevail on Mr. Hitler to do likewise, or nearly so. Naturally the French are showing impatience when they see the Pantaloon, Sir John Simon, jumping from one side of the fence to the other, and, in the hope of conciliating Germany, offering her more and more concessions. Anything is their motto, sooner than see Germany repudiate the Treaty of Versailles and start to re-arm, but everyone in touch with Germany knows this to have been determined upon and will be proclaimed when the propitious moment arrives.

Germany meanwhile is re-arming herself steadily, persistently and secretly. In the French Chamber last month, M. Mandel stated that she was in a position to turn out 2,500 fighting planes

a month, as a contrast to which we find our Government still dallying with the demand that we should add the modest force of 120 machines to our present totally inadequate force. Besides this, Germany, as we happen to know, is turning out a great number of long-range heavy field guns, not far short of 300 per month. She is not preparing this armament for mere show, but for use as the French Government are no doubt well aware. Indeed, in the arts of mechanised warfare, Herr Hitler's Government is not lagging behind, and in the meantime it perfectly well suits Germany to prate of pacifism and toy with a disarmament she knows well is an ideal quite impossible of attainment. Who can blame her?

She believes, as a German said in the War, "We shall never be gentlemen and you will always be fools," and, from her point of view, with some reason. When she had to deliver up her fleet to us, she sank her ships in the North Sea, and we imposed no reprisals. She was allowed to cheat us out of her war debts, and we retaliated by lending her gold. She is cheating us to-day while Mr. Baldwin seeks a "contact." If there be any Englishmen who believe that a recrudescence of German power would not affect this country but would only be directed at France, we have the evidence of her intrigues now going on in Uganda, and recently exposed in the SATURDAY REVIEW. It is really ludicrous that the men whose heavy responsibility it is to protect the State should continue to repose the slightest dependence on any German's word and leave the nation in her present parlous condition of defencelessness, while they pursue this will-o'-the-wisp Disarmament.

## The Leopard's Spots

Even if there could be some agreement among the European "Great Four" to take some steps towards disarmament or reduction of armaments, it would doubtlessly merely encourage Chauvinism among others, such as Russia and Japan. You cannot transform human nature by a few pious phrases and a stroke of the pen. As world thought moves to-day, the mentality of the Liberal type of mind is as dead as mutton for any practical purposes, and we see around us, whether under the guise of Fascism, Nazi-ism or Communism, tyrants arising who rule with rods of iron, brooking no opposition, but advancing a strong nationalism.

We must learn quickly that this age has no place for a Ramsay MacDonald, a Baldwin, or a Simon. We want fierce leadership with a strong Empire bias, and leave the Continent to settle its own quarrels. But, to maintain the balance of power, we need at once the greatest Air Force in the world, with our Navy and Army brought up to the needs of our Imperial requirements. And that is a policy we believe ninety per cent. of English people would support.

# The Unimportance of Lady Astor

**W**E all share A.A.B.'s indignation at the impertinence of Lady Astor's criticism of the Duchess of Atholl—and her colossal cheek in imagining that she is the right and proper person to lay down the law as to how the House of Lords is to be reformed. She does not believe in heredity. Does she believe in pedigree? The following extracts from the biography of the Founder of the Astor fortune are illuminating!

John Jacob Astor, and many other such products of the American worship-of-wealth school, are as uncritical of their own literary powers as in their adoration of Mammon, and are usually silly and sometimes disgusting. Astor was a dull dog; among his more famous fellow-millionaires of the past few generations, European and American alike, I can call to mind none duller. He was a hard humdrum getter, with no special colour of personality that his biography has been able to show forth.

When a youth Astor (Ashtor) was butcher's boy at the country village of Waldorf, baker's boy at the country town of New York, the musical instrument salesman, the fur trader, the China merchant, the banker, the moneylender, the first and greatest dealer in city real estate, and at his death in 1848 the first great American multimillionaire. We are shown at each successive stage the man's industry, determination, single-hearted concentration on getting money. We are shown much less clearly and fully, the harshness, meanness, unscrupulousness, trickery, cruelty.

## "Mean, Harsh and Cruel"

Of the two most celebrated counts against Astor, the misdeed of his American fur company and the inelegance of his property transactions on Manhattan Island and up State, neither, in our view, is answered very satisfactorily, though the author is at least aware that some answer is called for. As regards the famous fur epoch, we will leave aside Astor's manifold and tortuous dealings with the Washington Government and with the rival companies, in which he showed himself perhaps not more immoral than the other parties concerned, but merely more successful; we will leave aside also (and the stories of actual assassination to avoid payment of their miserable wages have never been positively proved) his mean, harsh and cruel treatment of his engagés, the French Canadian trappers and agents who, amid the rigours of the prairie wilderness and the risks of the Redskin frontier, piled up his fortune for him; the chief item of the indictment, and a chief fact of United States history, still remains—the degradation and extermination of the native American race, due less to inevitability than to whisky, of which Astor's American fur company was, on a scale to shame any poor latter-day bootlegger, the chief purveyor.

If it is a credit to have slain a whole people, to have cleared the prairies of the half-civilisation of

the wigwam to make way for the half-civilisation of Zenith, then to John Jacob Astor more than to any other one man that credit is due; and history should praise him. When the traveller, drawing nigh a trading post, found the prairie all round scattered with the recumbent forms of drunken braves, drunken squaws, yea, and drunken papooses, a whole tribe physically and morally devoured by the fire-water, the stager of that horrible scene was John Jacob Astor, and the lover of tragedy should thank him. He realised that the Red Man drunk was the Red Man more easily cheatable: he discovered that rum, gin, brandy and whisky were the highest profit commodities in the world: and he brought them to the frontier by land and by water, in quantities his rivals and predecessors had never dreamed of. "Without ardent spirits," he said simply, "competition is hopeless."

## "He Killed the Indians"

He killed the Indian peoples—Foxes and Sacs, Pawnees and Blackfeet, Cherokees and Chickasaws—he killed them all. Perhaps, as history views such things, it did not very much matter. Perhaps, as rich man's (and rich woman's) history views such things, those heartrending scenes he promoted for a generation along the Frontier may, generously, be held to have inspired that horror of the poor man's glass of beer in some eminent persons to-day. Perhaps it is not, as low, common people have so unkindly alleged, mere desire to meddle with the habits of those less fortunate; but rather reparation, penitence, atonement. . . . Who shall judge the motives of others, the motives of spirits so ardent?

The fur trade laid the foundations of the Astor fortune; the real estate transaction in Manhattan, chiefly, built that fortune up to its unprecedented heights. In these latter activities, the man "whose word by his own acknowledgment should never be taken, nor his promise considered binding unless in writing," added to his genius for buying cheap and selling dear and his certitude of vision in the imperial future of New York City, a ruthlessness in foreclosing mortgages that can rarely have been excelled. And so, amid darkness, hunger and misery, and deaths of skeleton children in the cold cellars hard by, the Astor power and the Astor palaces arose.

These, the origins of this famous fortune, have a particular interest for us as Englishmen to-day, and a more general interest. For us as Englishmen, because the larger half of this fortune, the William Waldorf half, did us the honour of migrating to our hospitable shores—where, amongst other things, it secured possession of the chief English daily newspaper and the chief English weekly newspaper alike. If, in the one, we fancy we discern that a certain foreign Power is singled out from among all others for favour and admiration, we need not resent the fact, from

the standpoint of world peace arguably a welcome fact; we need only understand it. If in the other, some over-sensitive carpers and complainers judge immodest the space therein given to the benefits of Prohibition, but modest the space, if any, allotted to the horrors of Lynching, they should not get peevish or angry; they should only remember why.

More generally, this account of a very celebrated fortune makes one wonder whether the present-

day admiration of the rich man is not just a little overdone. Here is one of the most famous of all his tribe, and we see him to be very mean, very dingy, possessed of scarcely a virtue but industry and scarcely a talent, save that, exceedingly developed, of knowing "how to buy in low-priced markets and sell in high-priced ones." But a hundred years ago Walter Savage Landor said: "In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and taking too much."

## A Letter To Lady Houston, D.B.E.

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I have just read your excellent, direct, straight article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 25th of November, and am entirely with you in all you write.

May I have the privilege of trying to help you in any way I can against Ramsay MacDonald and all his clique—you will need all the help you can get, for R.M., as I see it, is definitely out to destroy the Empire and force on us the ghastly fallacy of Communism.

He has already thrown away the Navy—the White Paper, if it goes through, means the beginning of the end—we have lost Ireland—that is nothing to the loss of India—which means knocking the keystone out of the Arch of the British Empire. When he has done that, he is *well on his way*. We once called it the Empire—now it has to be the British Commonwealth of Nations—to-morrow?

With another twelve millions unemployed—for that is what the loss of India will mean to us—Ramsay, who is bringing all this about by the most subtle and insidious propaganda ever worked on an unsuspecting Nation, will be able to say this policy was pursued "with the Mandate of the British People, etc." by a Government "largely Conservative," and the Socialist will be returned to power to complete the downfall of Imperialism.

No man—unless he were a traitor—could in the face of evidence of facts drive the White Paper proposals through Parliament as is now being done, without realising what the result of those proposals will be. To me the intention is deliber-

ate—disruption all along the line. I could not say that if I could not prove it—but, unfortunately for Ramsay and Co., *I can*.

I can prove an occasion when I, as a Brigade Commander, with four battalions and a mountain artillery brigade, could do nothing against Red Shirt revolutionaries (even the exercise of the provisions of ordinary law denied me—see 144 C.P.C.) because "nothing was to be done to disturb the equanimity of the Round Table Conference," then sitting in London. Tracing that back through the *chain of responsibility*, that order emanates from Ramsay MacDonald, alias the "Government." I ask the question: Is the Government assisting me or the forces of revolution? There is no answer. Personally, I consider if there was anyone at the R.T.C. whose equanimity was going to be "disturbed" by the suppression of Red Revolution, the sooner and more rudely the gentleman was "disturbed" the better!

Nothing is going to happen to India—if a strong line is taken. Anything may happen if it is not. Loyalists—and there are millions—can hardly remain loyal when Ramsay backs the other side!

Take Midnapore—not once but three times have the powers asked for to squash the terrorist movement been denied to the fellows who could squash the whole thing in a month—but these are Ramsay's particular pals—closely allied to his pals in Russia. There is an expressive Eastern proverb: "The fish stinks from the head"!

I have 32 years' Indian experience, and come of a generation of soldiers with just over 100 years' Indian service between us. Ramsay would call me a Die-Hard! I hope to earn that title.

AN EX-INDIAN ARMY OFFICER.



# The Menace of Baldwinism

"We Abandon What We Have Laid Our Hands To"

By Colonel Sir Thomas Polson

"ON the famous occasion of the mutiny in Heaven," a woman writer has justly stated, "the Archangel Michael did not call a peace conference. He went to war." But when Mr. Stanley Baldwin saw trouble approaching which, a year later, was to verge on mutiny in England, he merely remarked in the House of Commons, "I want my party to-day to make a gesture to the country, and to say 'We have our majority; we believe in the justice of this Bill which has been brought in to-day, but we are going to withdraw our hand, and we are not going to push our political advantage home at a moment like this. . . We, at any rate, are not going to fire the first shot."

"We stand for peace. . . We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles.' . . . Yet there will be many in all ranks and parties who will re-echo my prayer, 'Give us peace in our time.'"

These words compare but ill with the decisiveness of St. Michael, but then, the heavenly leader would hardly have agreed that Lucifer should share the government with him a few years later!

## Taken for Granted

As a politician, the highest praise accorded Mr. Baldwin by even his greatest friends has been that he is "an honest man," which is very doubtful, considering all things. Surely honesty is a quality one presupposes in a person, a rigid *sine qua non*. One does not normally, when one meets others in business or social life, begin to wonder if one's purse is safe, or their word to be trusted! To acclaim honesty as a great—a rare—virtue is to lower the whole tone of political life.

And, though it is pathetic to see a good man perform actions fraught with evil consequences to others, the self-asserted virtues or attraction of the man do nothing to lessen the hurt of those millions who would benefit from the qualities of keenness, courage and decision in their leaders, and who have been rendered almost completely helpless and apathetic by the follies and ineptitudes summed up in the speech quoted.

"We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles. . ."

To-day it *must* be decided whether there shall be virile, purposeful leadership in the greatest Party in the State, or whether history shall tragically repeat itself. For Mr. Baldwin is not only responsible for having twice saddled the country with a Labour Government: his attitude has largely contributed to that spiritual malaise which is gradually unnerving our people.

It is no exaggeration to state that the responsibility for the advent of a Labour Government in this country is directly traceable to the extraordinary decision taken by Mr. Baldwin in 1923, and within but a few months of his becoming Prime Minister, to go to the country on a policy of Protection, ignoring the fact that he was appealing to an electorate almost entirely uneducated in the subject, an electorate which, for the most part, "knew not Joseph." His action displayed not only a lack of that political prevision and astuteness so essential to a statesman, but a lack of even ordinary commonsense.

## A Second Chance

It is not often that a man guilty of such an egregious blunder gets a second chance such as was given to Mr. Baldwin with the tremendous majority of 1924, and what little use he made of it we know too well. His Government simply embarked upon a policy of "dishing the Socialists at their own game"—a peculiar occupation for honest men—thus making inevitable the success of the Socialists in the general election of 1929. Future historians, in attributing to Mr. Baldwin the blame for having on two occasions saddled the country with a Labour Government, will, therefore, hold him both directly and indirectly largely responsible for the long years of financial disorder and industrial chaos through which we have passed.

Moreover, every material action has its moral consequence, and your true leader gives spiritual inspiration as well as practical help. Mr. Baldwin's most inspired words have been to pray, "Give us peace in our time," and to council, "Safety first." These *may* be good enough precepts for an agricultural labourer. There is not a statesman, dead or alive, who would acknowledge them. And they have paralysed very completely the bulk of his followers, who, with a clear majority of more than three hundred in the present House of Commons, sit there, with very few exceptions, like so many paltry puppets.

Recent bye-elections have shown unmistakably the trend of feeling. A third Labour Government would appear inevitable unless there is an immediate recognition, both by Conservative Members of Parliament and by all men and women who put King and Country first, of the grave dangers threatening our Imperial heritage through this creeping paralysis, this menace of Baldwinism—"We abandon what we have laid our hands to." The phraseology forcibly calls to mind the well-known text: "Whoso putteth his hand to the plough and turneth back is not fit for the kingdom of Heaven."

# Toryism—The One Hope

## Traitors Who Have Joined Us to Save Their Skins

By Victor Raikes, M.P.

**I**F Dr. Johnson was correct when he described the devil as the first Whig, his Satanic majesty appears to have been very busy in England of late. It is true that the Liberal Party (to give Whiggery its more modern title) is nearly dead but, as many of its most influential members have become Conservatives in name, although not in fact, we may well suppose that the devil is now trespassing in pastures new.

The party which once pleaded the doctrine of Disraelian Toryism has in turn been so flooded with Liberal Unionists, anti-Socialist plutocrats and middle class owners of cottage property that it is sometimes hard to differentiate between a post-war Conservative Government and a nineteenth century Liberal Administration.

A large number of our new Allies have never accepted or understood the meaning of political principles. They have joined us to save their own skins by pretending to make a united front against Socialism on purely negative lines, and Conservative leaders have certainly done their best in recent years to make the path of conversion as easy as possible.

A case in point is to be seen in a statement made by the present Minister of Health, Sir H. Hilton Young, after leaving his old party, in which he expressed the opinion that Mr. Baldwin's Conservative programme could be accepted without reservation by any Liberal.

### Principles—Or Compromise

The superficial advantages of uniting all moderate-minded people to meet the dangers of Socialism are, of course, obvious, but the fact remains that no alliance based purely on political expediency can ever ultimately prevail over any opposition which relies for its appeal upon definite principles, even if those principles are bad. While we believe that Tory policy is the sole reply to Socialist philosophy, we should be prepared to defend our tenets fearlessly in the sure knowledge that right will always triumph over error in the long run. Unfortunately, however, Conservatives themselves have become so accustomed to Whig ideas that they are apt to forget what Toryism stands for.

Liberalism, of course, is based upon hatred of authority, and it has therefore always aimed at a constitution which shall contain sufficient checks and balances to prevent any individual from obtaining real responsibility and power. While, for example, Liberals still proclaim their faith in the virtue of free competition, they would, at the same time, hedge industry round with countless restrictions lest the successful business man or agriculturalist might through his own exertions attain some personal influence over his fellows.

Liberal-minded Governments are naturally susceptible to outside pressure for the obvious reason that they have no first principles to rely on in a crisis, and therefore dare not risk the possible loss of votes at a subsequent election. When, as sometimes happens in practice, Radical politicians are forced to make far reaching changes, they like to justify them on grounds of temporary expediency.

They will even grudgingly accept Tariffs in order to balance a budget, but they will never admit that the primary justification for a change in the fiscal policy lies in the permanent protection afforded to British standards of living against under-cutting from abroad. Finally (and this is perhaps the worst feature of Liberalism) they will always adopt as much of the Socialist programmes as their middle-class supporters are prepared to swallow, in the hope of winning votes, and without the slightest regard for any principles whatsoever.

The crying need throughout the world to-day is for leadership, and we have seen nation after nation break away from parliamentary government to seek their salvation in dictatorships either of the Right or of the Left.

### Purge Us of the Whigs

It is essential, if the British constitutional system is to survive, that the Tory party should set its house in order and be prepared to face the country with a Conservative policy at the proper time. Furthermore, it will be necessary to purge ourselves of many of those Whig ideas which have permeated the minds of Conservatives for the last fifty years, and to get back to the teachings of Bolingbroke and Disraeli.

Instead of dragging all men down to the same level of equality by death duties and high taxation, we need to recreate the spirit of leadership amongst the aristocracy and to encourage the love of craftsmanship amongst the poor, but this task can only be achieved if our fiscal and economic policy allows the private business and the landed property a fair chance to provide security of employment for their workers at a decent wage.

The growth of limited companies and huge amalgamations has steadily widened the gulf between employers and employed, while the heavy burden of taxation is driving the landowner and all that he stands for out of our agricultural and village life. The effect of this must be to destroy those channels of personal intercourse between all sections of society which used to lead to mutual understanding, but give even the humblest worker a definite status in his own sphere of existence.

When the men and women in our factories and workshops begin to feel that they are regarded as

soulless automatons, who simply exist to provide wealth for unknown shareholders, they naturally turn to Socialism or Communism as the only alternative to a system which appears to them inhuman and worthless. It is true that the remedy is worse than the disease but, unless the Tory party awakens, dangerous experiments may soon be tried with dire results.

The very root of Toryism is to be found in the doctrine that responsibility breeds character and that progress is only possible in a society where some security in tenure and employment exists to enable its members to achieve status. Protection of industry and a moderate rate of taxation can be justified in so far as they help to create conditions under which the ideals we aim at can flourish, while Free Trade and the gigantic business amalgamations which follow in its train should be condemned on the ground that their tendency must be to substitute class for status.

Needless to say, it is far from our purpose under present conditions either to destroy forthwith existing trade combinations or to prevent the importation of foreign capital, but we should try to build for the future as far as possible upon the principle of developing national character rather than upon the haphazard creation of wealth as such. It is, perhaps, a good Tory maxim for practical use that the measures which tend to reduce the personal touch between employers and employed

(however financially sound they may appear) should always be regarded with suspicion, whereas schemes which are calculated to create closer personal responsibilities should receive most sympathetic examination.

The ownership of private property itself should be considered as a trust, not as an unlimited right, and, in the perfect State, persons who endeavoured to evade responsibilities by placing their own comforts or interests before the public well-being would deserve the forfeiture of their businesses or estates without compensation. Such a conception may appear in these times fantastic, but it should be remembered that the very existence of absentee landlords and wealthy wasters undermines respect for authority amongst the masses and is a menace to the application of Tory principles.

We modern Conservatives have far too long been content to defend our case in a spirit of apology and to compromise our ideals when they seem temporarily unpopular, yet the fact remains that England is longing for leadership, and men, like Lord Lloyd, who openly preach the doctrine of authority are always listened to with respect. A Tory party which would boldly justify the existence both of aristocracy and of private ownership upon first principles, and was prepared relentlessly to punish the shirker, be he rich or poor, would gain the support of thousands of working people who to-day vote Socialist for lack of a nobler ideal.

## The Plight of the Fishing Industry

### Some Causes and Possible Remedies—Part I

By "Fish-hawk"

*[The following articles, written by a first-hand authority on the fisheries of Great Britain tell a tragic tale of the plight of one of our greatest and oldest industries. The author spends nine months of each year with the North Sea trawling fleets and is in an exceptional position to speak with full knowledge and authority. Yet in face of the facts here set out, half the herrings taken last month, and this by the Yarmouth and Lowestoft fleets, remain unsold and in peril of being thrown away. Meanwhile thousands of Crans of foreign fish are dumped weekly on the quays of East Fife, Hull, Grimsby and the East Anglian ports.—EDITOR.]*

IT would appear to be inevitable nowadays that those who labour hardest shall receive the least reward and in no case is this more painfully true than in the fishing industry.

For the past 3 years the cost per pound of putting a single pound of fish on the market has been about 2.5 pence, while the average price received has varied from 2.75 to 2.25 pence per pound.

Lest any should doubt this—cast your eye over these official figures:

1931—		
British Trawl Caught	Value	Average
11,109,473 cwts.	£11,181,689	20/2 per cwt.
1932—		
11,143,727 cwts	£10,306,001	18/6 „
1933 to 31st October—		
9,290,466 cwts.	£8,547,056	18/4½ „

It may sound incredible, when one thinks of what fish costs the housewife per pound, but it is absolutely true nevertheless.

Go to Hull, Grimsby, Fleetwood or Aberdeen and see how thousands of tons of good edible fish are taken straight from the trawlers hold to the manure factory, because they will not fetch 5/- per kit of 13 stone. Yet all the time the man in the street is paying almost war time prices for what should be quite the cheapest form of food in Great Britain.

#### The Heaviest Toll of Life

Few people seem to realise at what terrible cost in men's lives our fish supplies are maintained.

Our fishermen number approximately 34,500, while the annual toll of lives from all causes at sea works out at 3 per 1,000, the highest figure for any industry in the world, and almost double that



of coal mining—which is commonly regarded as being the most dangerous of our industries.

No one who has not actually been on a trawling voyage can form any conception of the hardships and dangers faced every day in the course of one's work. Literally, the men carry their lives in their hands from the moment they leave port to the moment they return.

They work a minimum of 16 hours a day, and for seven days per week—while the average wage is barely 50/- including commission on the profits if any.

Imagine the men's feelings on their return to port after perhaps three weeks in the Arctic circle, to find their fish unsaleable and all their labours gone for nothing. Not because their fish is bad, but because only a limited quantity is required each day, and the foreigner can undersell them.

I know men who have worked for months only to be in debt to the owners at the end—the money having been advanced to their wives and families against their possible earnings. This debt will have to be repaid from the man's subsequent trips.

There are thousands of homes in this country where fish is almost a luxury, and yet every one should be able to get good fresh fish at 6d. a lb.

In the foregoing paragraphs we have only been considering the trawling side of deep-sea fishing—but a survey of the herring industry reveals an even worse state of affairs.

The last three years' figures show that herring have been selling at an average price of 6/11 per cent. on the fish market—an astounding price when one considers the price of kippers or bloaters.

Foreign trade in salt herring is almost non-existent, as all European markets are closed to us by the prohibitive duties placed on fish—while Russia wont pay for what she takes.

#### Foreign Dumping

These duties on imported fish have been the means of stimulating the foreign herring industry to an amazing degree. Germany now catches all her own fish, and indeed dumps surplus over here, the Baltic States are all following in the same path, while Spain and Portugal are becoming formidable rivals to ourselves in more than one section of the fishing industry.

We meanwhile do almost nothing to prevent the dumping of foreign fish, quotas and duties being alike far too small to afford the necessary protection. We can catch all the fish we need ourselves, and we don't need to import a single fish—except salmon.

Despite this sad state of affairs the herring trade might still enjoy a greater measure of prosperity if more fish were consumed at home—let everyone in England eat one herring per week and the industry would be saved—for 2,000,000,000 herring take some catching! These if sold at the moderate price of 10 a penny on the market would realise over £1½ millions, which is between two and three times the value of our total catches at present prices!

This would still allow an ample margin for profit to all in the trade, and yet allow of cheap fish being sold to the consumer. In fact, the increased

sales would more than compensate every one for the possible extra work entailed.

The present disastrous state of our fishing industry would appear to be due to three main causes.

#### A—Foreign Competition

Foreign vessels being all subsidised in one way or another, are consequently of the very latest pattern, and are in the main more economical in running costs than our own, which in many cases are obsolete and un-seaworthy.

Their crews live on a much lower standard than obtains anywhere in this country—few foreign trawlers carry meat, other than in the form of sausages, whilst they live mainly on soups, fish and bread.

In many countries the unemployed are sent to sea in Government owned fishing vessels and are paid very low wages, their families being cared for in their absence in lieu of pay.

The only way of combating such conditions is by a high protective tariff on all foreign caught fish, and by insisting that all ships registered under British ports shall carry 100 per cent. British crews.

This, however, is more than we can expect from a Government who stand in such mortal dread of foreign opinion that they would sooner see men out of work than cause any foreigner a moment's heartache.

#### B—Methods of Handling Catches

When fish is landed at a port, its subsequent handling throughout all stages is done by experts, or rather specialists.

These men, by the very nature of their work, earn a day's pay for a few hours' work daily. This naturally means heavy charges for transport, etc., all of which have to be paid in the long run by the consumer.

As all these various agencies extract the utmost profit they can, this goes far to account for the vast difference in prices between the fish market and the fish shop.

Allowing for all this, a large amount of blame lies at the fishmonger's door.

For many have told me quite frankly that they could easily reduce their prices, but will not, as it would entail employing more men without increasing their net profits.

This utterly selfish attitude is the basis of more than one of our present-day troubles, and is one which is difficult to cope with.

#### C—The Stupidity of the General Public

The housewife herself must bear her share of the blame in this matter, for all too frequently people refuse to buy cheap fish, thinking that cheapness is only due to poor quality or staleness. I could quote many instances of this; but let one suffice.

An old fishmonger bought a case of herring last autumn at a very low price, and wishing to pass this on to the public, exposed the fish for sale at a penny each.

After some hours he had sold but a dozen or so, whereupon he changed the price to sixpence

per pound and sold out the entire lot in an hour or so.

How this attitude of mind has arisen is difficult to say, but as long as it continues, it is almost impossible to correct the high prices.

Strangely enough, the idea seems more prevalent among the poorer people than others.

The foregoing points are surely all solvable if only the public, the retailers and the Government would co-operate to save what is undoubtedly one

of our most important industries.

For fishermen form the backbone of our navy and mercantile marine in time of war.

Let no one forget Earl Beatty's tribute to these men:

"The Navy saved the nation" said he, "But—the Fishermen saved the Navy."

So let the nation realise their debt, and do their part now as the fishermen did theirs from 1914-1919.

## Christmas in the Jungle

By the Hon. James Best

**A** PART from the sentiment with which Christmas is associated in all parts of the world, the season in India is marked by special opportunities. There are ten days continuous bank holiday. Cheap fares are conceded by the railway companies, and while politically minded folk are raising tumult elsewhere, sportsmen take long journeys to join friends in the forests for a few days shooting, where district officers, wearied of their own company, give them a hearty welcome.

The ideal place for such a Christmas camp is not easy to find. It must be reasonably near the railway—although perhaps motors have now made a difference—there must be plenty of small game shooting to keep guests busy until news comes in of a possible tiger, there should be a reasonable chance of killing a tiger or two within ten days, the source of supplies must not be too far off, and, of course, there should be a good camping ground. Sometimes it is possible to arrange for fishing as well. Most people expect to be given a mixed beat or two on off days with the chance of a stag. I don't like mixed beats myself. It seems a poor way of killing a stag, it is very disturbing to the other beasts of the forest, and seldom fruitful in results. Small game shooting on the other hand can often be carried out in places near camp with little chance of disturbing a tiger.

I once spent Christmas at the Chilka lake on the Bay of Bengal. We lived comfortably in a rest house and cruised the lake in the hours of daylight; we shot duck, geese, snipe, golden plover and blue rock pigeons. Nowhere else have I seen so many duck together, on the first shot being fired they rose in a tumultuous cloud. There were delicious oysters ready at hand. With the assistance of a Gurka orderly and his kukri we lived luxuriously. That is the sort of experience that can come only once or twice in a lifetime.

My lot at Christmas was usually that of host, and it was a happy one. Sometimes a lady of the party made the feeding arrangements, leaving me time to devote entirely to sport; then I was indeed fortunate. My ideal camp was situated twelve miles from the railway by the side of a running river in a jungle clearing on its high bank.

"Auntie" fed us on the product of our guns. Rides had been cut through the jungle near the camp and the coverts well baited with those morsels that the game birds love. Each day when there was no kill we spent in beating for jungle fowl and peafowl, or expending our cartridges on the mid-day flights of blue rock pigeons that flashed up and down the river faster than any driven grouse. We killed two tigers and some of the guests were sufficiently interested to go over the ground of the beats to find out the why and the wherefore. Which is unusual.

We had our mild thrill when a panther came out of a jungle fowl beat racing at a gallop across our front, snarling as he went; there was a disappointment when one of the party missed what appeared to him to be a record sambur stag. We caught fish—small mahseer of the fighting strain. There was talk of bridge on the first day of the camp. An excellent diversion in the station, but, in the view of some, too exclusive for a happy family party in the wilds.

No bridge was played, guests were far too tired to think of it in the evening. The great thing at a Christmas party of this sort is to keep everyone so busy by day and so tired in the evening as to make them think of nothing but shooting live game and eating it dead. A well hung jungle fowl is a feast for any epicure.

The hospitality of our Indian friends caused me a little anxiety. The local landowner gave us a firework display in the bed of the river. I am one of the stoutest upholders of the Guy Fawkes tradition, but when I saw sky-high rockets sailing over the tiger jungles I had fears for our sport. But the beasts played up to the season; one of them took a bait that very night and was duly laid out the next day by a man who had never killed one before. Which is as it should be.

After ten days of such sport the jungles were shot out, and the party broke up with plans for the next year. I had my bit of luck. On the last evening I stalked and shot the sambur stag. He was not a record, but he taped 43in. on one side.

"Good enough," as they say in the Highlands.

# Paris To-Day

By "EVE"

**P**ARIS, to-day, scarcely deserves, literally, or figuratively, her self-bestowed title of "La Ville Lumière." The streets, excepting the Avenue des Champs Elysees, with its garish advertisements, are poorly lighted and gloom has settled upon her spirit, dimming its former gaiety. People are depressed, apprehensive—complain of poverty. Farmers do not pay their rents, trade is bad, Argentine Millionaires, Brazilian Plutocrats, and Dollar Billionaires have departed and expensive apartments remain unlet, some of the large hotels are bankrupt, many in difficulties.

Investments have gone down, the cost of living has gone up—and for all these afflictions the Government is to blame—a foregone conclusion with the French, in time of trouble.

## Charity to the Rescue

Social life would be dull indeed, but for the prevalent fashion of entertaining for charitable purposes. These festivities, combining pleasure and profit, appeal to the thrifty French mind and are highly popular. The Vicomtesse Benoit d'Azy is giving a series of Dinners, at her home, Rue Fabert, to help the unemployed girls of the district; the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, Princess Nicholas of Greece, is organising a Bridge Tea at the Cercle Interallié, on behalf of Russian Refugees, and the event of the Season has been the magnificent Ball at the British Embassy, in aid of the Hertford Hospital, which the President of the French Republic and Madame Lebrun attended, all the notables of Paris being present and many English celebrities coming over for the occasion. The price of tickets was 300 francs, and nearly all were disposed of.

Both France's elderly Stars are appearing in Revues. Cecile Sorél in "Vive Paris" at the Casino de Paris and Mistinguette at the Folies Bergère. Cecile Sorél is to give special matinees for the benefit of the jeune fille, when the nude will be draped, and words that might offend innocent ears omitted. The Ingénue, otherwise "l'Oie blanche," still, apparently exists in France. In England mothers are more easily shocked than their daughters.

The happiest spot in France at present is Cognac, the picturesque birthplace of François I, seat of a Bishopric, centre of a wide district authorised by the Government to call its vintages "Cognac." Surrounding the town lies la Grande, or Fine Champagne, further is La Petite Champagne. Thousands of vineyard owners and distillers send in their produce to the great Export Houses, who, wise with the experience of years—treat and blend and mature in oak casks, the precious spirit, until it acquires a special aroma and colour.

Locally this Brandy is considered a panacea for many ills, malaria, grippe, exhaustion, thus justifying its name. Taken in moderation it is undoubtedly beneficial. M. Monnet, founder of the

great Export business, partook of it wisely and well, and enjoyed perfect health until his death, at the age of 102! Prohibition dealt a blow to the Cognac Industry—with its removal, and the unofficially given quota of 155,000 gallons of Eau de Vie and 155,000 gallons of liqueurs prosperity has returned!

Dining last night with one of the few remaining gourmets, I was regaled with a dish invented for Louis XVIII. That obese monarch was dyspeptic, and greedy—his physician ordered lean mutton, H.M. objected—the Chef, Adolphe Pottier, meditated—despaired—cried "Eureka," and, seizing three prime cutlets, tied them together, and, skewered, placed them near the fire—the two outside cutlets turned brown, then black. Pottier cut the string, threw away the burnt cutlets, seasoned and served the succulent centre cutlet, which had absorbed the juices of the burnt offering.

The King ate with relish, and christened the dish "Cotelettes à la Victime." Try this recipe, extravagant, but delicious.

A pathetic interest attaches to the Concert given last night by M. Ludovic Breitner, aged 80, a pianist who aroused the admiration of younger performers. The last surviving pupil of Liszt, he claims to follow the Master's instructions in his interpretation of the Abbé's works—and on one occasion, played Bach's Concerto for three Pianos with Hans von Bulow, and Rubenstein!

## A Telegram of Regret

The President of the French Republic, and Maréchal Petain were amongst those assembled at the Sorbonne in honour of the Houston Mount Everest Expedition. All regretted the absence of Lady Houston, who sent the President the following telegram:—

LADY HOUSTON IS GREATLY HONOURED BY THE INVITATION OF THE SOCIETE DE GEOGRAPHIE TO MEET THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND REGRETS DEEPLY ILL HEALTH PREVENTS HER ACCEPTING THIS CHARMING INVITATION. LADY HOUSTON LOVES FRANCE AND THE FRENCH AND SHE FEELS THAT IT WOULD BE TO THE ADVANTAGE OF BOTH COUNTRIES TO WORK TOGETHER IN SYMPATHY AND FRIENDSHIP. VIVE LA FRANCE AND HER BRAVE AIRMEN.

Lord Clydesdale was also regrettably absent through illness. Lady Houston's generosity made the Expedition possible—to whom also England owes the Schneider Cup—and who has now offered again the magnificent gift of £200,000 for our Air Defence.



# The Goblin and the Sexton

By CHARLES DICKENS

"IN an old abbey town, down in this part of the country, a long, long while ago—so long that the story must be a true one, because our great grandfathers implicitly believed it—there officiated as sexton and grave-digger in the churchyard, one Gabriel Grub. It by no means follows that because a man is a sexton, and constantly surrounded by the emblems of mortality, therefore he should be a morose and melancholy man; your undertakers are the merriest fellows in the world; and I once had the honour of being on intimate terms with a mute, who in private life, and off duty, was as comical and jocose a little fellow as ever chirped out a devil-may-care song, without a hitch in his memory, or drained off the contents of a good stiff glass without stopping for breath. But, notwithstanding these precedents to the contrary, Gabriel Grub was an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow—a morose and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself, and an old wicker bottle which fitted into his large, deep waistcoat pocket—and who eyed each merry face, as it passed him by, with such a deep scowl of malice and ill-humour as it was difficult to meet without feeling something the worse for.

"A little before twilight, one Christmas eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard; for he had got a grave to finish before next morning, and, feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits, perhaps if he went on with his work at once. As he went his way, up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them; he marked the bustling preparations for next day's cheer, and smelt the numerous savory odours consequent thereupon, as they steamed up from the kitchen windows in clouds. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and when groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals who crowded round them as they flocked up-stairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, thrush, hooping-cough, and a good many other sources of consolation besides.

"In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel strode along: returning a short, sullen growl to the good-humoured greetings of such of his neighbours as now and then passed him: until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard. Now, Gabriel had been looking forward to reaching the dark lane, because it was, generally speaking, a nice, gloomy, mournful place, into which the towns-people did not much care to go, except in broad daylight, and when the sun was shining; consequently, he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas, in this very sanctuary, which had been called Coffin Lane ever since the days of the old abbey, and the time of the shaven-headed monks. As Gabriel walked on, and the voice drew nearer, he found it proceeded from a small boy, who was hurrying along to join one of the little parties in the old street, and who, partly to keep himself company, and partly to prepare himself for the occasion, was shouting out the song at the highest pitch of his lungs. So Gabriel waited until the boy came up, and then dodged him into a corner and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away with his hand to his head, singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself, and entered the churchyard: locking the gate behind him.

"He took off his coat, put down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no easy matter to break it up, and shovel it out; and although there was a moon, it was a very young one, and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other time these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable, but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave, when he had finished work for the night, with grim satisfaction: murmuring as he gathered up his things:

Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,  
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done;  
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet,  
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat;  
Rank grass overhead, and damp clay around,  
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground!

CHARLES DICKENS

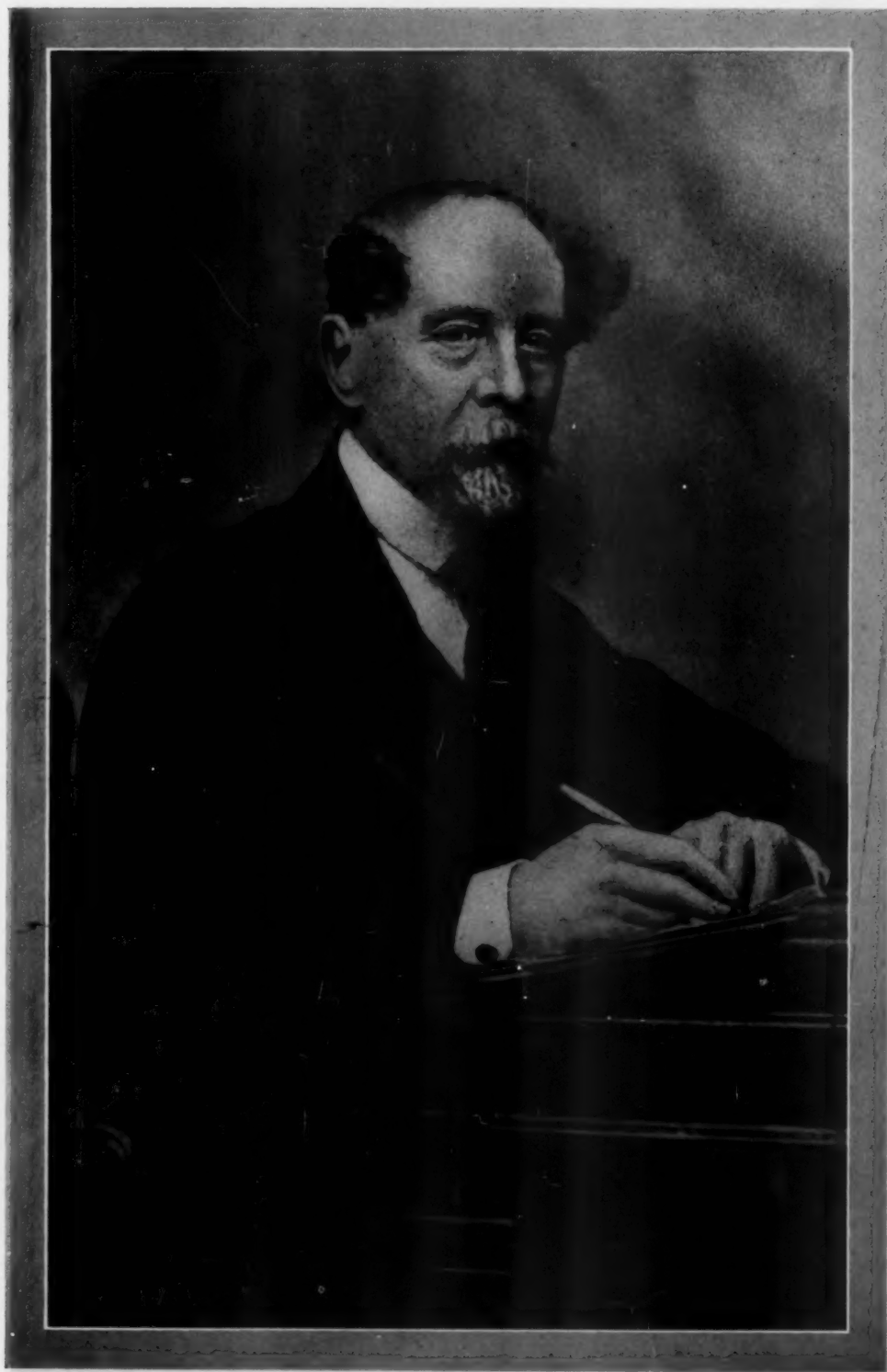
# The God of the Sea

The God of the Sea is a deity who is worshipped by the people of the sea. He is a powerful and mighty god who can control the winds and the waves. He is also a god of fertility and abundance. The people of the sea believe that he is the one who provides them with food and shelter. They also believe that he is the one who protects them from the dangers of the sea. The God of the Sea is a very important deity in the religion of the people of the sea. He is worshipped in many different ways. Some people offer him sacrifices, while others pray to him. The God of the Sea is a very powerful and mighty god who is worshipped by the people of the sea. He is a god of fertility and abundance. The people of the sea believe that he is the one who provides them with food and shelter. They also believe that he is the one who protects them from the dangers of the sea. The God of the Sea is a very important deity in the religion of the people of the sea. He is worshipped in many different ways. Some people offer him sacrifices, while others pray to him.



# CHARLES DICKENS

ENGLAND'S GREATEST HUMOROUS WRITER



*By courtesy of Messrs. Chapman & Hall*

If you want that Christmassy feeling—beg—borrow—or steal The Pickwick Papers and become acquainted with Sam Weller.

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" 'Ho! ho!' laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone which was a favourite resting-place of his; and drew forth his wicker bottle. 'A coffin at Christmas! A Christmas Box. Ho! ho! ho!'"

" 'Ho! ho! ho!' repeated a voice which sounded close behind him.

" Gabriel paused, in some alarm, in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips; and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave about him, was not more still and quiet, than the churchyard in the pale moonlight. The cold hoarfrost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems, among the stone carvings of the old church. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground; and spread over the thickly-strewn mounds of earth so white and smooth a cover that it seemed as if corpses lay there, hidden only by their winding sheets. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up, all was so cold and still.

" 'It was the echoes,' said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

" 'It was *not*,' said a deep voice.

" Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot with astonishment and terror; for his eyes rested on a form that made his blood run cold.

" Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long fantastic legs, which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed after a quaint, fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare; and his hands rested on his knees. On his short round body he wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes; a short cloak dangled at his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at his toes into long points. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost; and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

" 'It was *not* the echoes,' said the goblin.

" Gabriel Grub was paralysed, and could make no reply.

" 'What do you do here on Christmas Eve?' said the goblin sternly.

" 'I came to dig a grave, sir,' stammered Gabriel Grub.

" 'What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?' cried the goblin.

" 'Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!' screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round—nothing was to be seen.

" 'What have you got in that bottle?' said the goblin.

" 'Hollands, sir,' replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the

smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

" 'Who drinks Hollands alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night as this?' said the goblin.

" 'Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!' exclaimed the wild voices again.

" The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and then, raising his voice, exclaimed:

" 'And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?'

" To this inquiry the invisible chorus replied, in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the old church organ—a strain that seemed borne to the sexton's ears upon a wild wind, and to die away as it passed onward; but the burden of the reply was still the same, 'Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!'

" The goblin grinned a broader grin than before, as he said, 'Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?'

" The Sexton gasped for breath.

" 'What do you think of this, Gabriel?' asked the goblin, kicking up his feet in the air on either side of the tombstone, and looking at the turned-up points with as much complacency as if he had been contemplating the most fashionable pair of Wellingtons in all Bond Street.

" 'It's—it's—very curious, sir,' replied the sexton, half dead with fright; 'very curious, and very pretty, but I think I'll go back and finish my work, if you please.'

" 'Work!' said the goblin, 'what work?'

" 'The grave, sir; making the grave,' stammered the sexton.

" 'Oh, the grave, eh?' said the goblin; 'who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?'

" Again the mysterious voices replied, 'Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!'

" 'I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel,' said the goblin, thrusting his tongue further into his cheek than ever—and a most astonishing tongue it was—'I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel,' said the goblin.

" 'Under favour, sir,' replied the horror-stricken sexton, 'I don't think they can, sir; they don't know me, sir; I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir.'

" 'Oh, yes, they have,' replied the goblin; 'we know the man with the sulky face and grim scowl, that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying spade the tighter. We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him, we know him.'

" Here, the goblin gave a loud shrill laugh, which the echoes returned twenty-fold: and, throwing his legs up in the air, stood upon his head, or rather upon the very point of his sugar-loaf hat, on the narrow edge of the tombstone: whence he threw a somerset with extraordinary agility, right to the sexton's feet, at which he



planted himself in the attitude in which tailors generally sit upon the shop-board.

" 'I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir,' said the sexton, making an effort to move.

" 'Leave us!' said the goblin, 'Gabriel Grub going to leave us. Ho! ho! ho!'

" As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed, for one instant, a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church, as if the whole building were lighted up; it disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones: never stopping for an instant to take breath, but 'overing' the highest among them, one after the other, with the most marvellous dexterity. The first goblin was a most astonishing leaper, and none of the others could come near him; even in the extremity of his terror the sexton could not help observing that, while his friends were content to leap over the common-sized gravestones, the first one took the family vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street posts.

" At last the game reached to a most exciting pitch; the organ played quicker and quicker; and the goblins leaped faster and faster: coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like foot-balls. The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath him, as the spirits flew before his eyes: when the goblin king, suddenly darting towards him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

" When Gabriel Grub had had time to fetch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had for the moment taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins, ugly and grim; in the centre of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the churchyard; and close beside him stood Gabriel Grub himself, without power of motion.

" 'Cold to-night,' said the king of the goblins, 'very cold. A glass of something warm, here!'

" At this command, half a dozen officious goblins, with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers, on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

" 'Ah!' cried the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were transparent, as he tossed down the flame, 'This warms one, indeed! Bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub.'

" It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night; one of the goblins held him while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat; the whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed and choked, and wiped away the tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes, after swallowing the burning draught.

" 'And now,' said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton's eye, and thereby occasioning him the

most exquisite pain: 'And now, show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse!'

" As the goblin said this, a thick cloud which obscured the remoter end of the cavern rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily furnished, but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown, and gambolling around her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object: a frugal meal was ready spread upon the table; and an elbow chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door: the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy, as their father entered. He was wet and weary, and shook the snow from his garments, as the children crowded round him, and seizing his cloak, hat, stick and gloves, with busy zeal, ran with them from the room. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee, and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

" But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bed-room, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from the eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrunk back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for, calm and tranquil as it was and sleeping in rest and peace as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an Angel looking down upon, and blessing them, from a bright and happy Heaven.

" Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye, as they crowded round the fireside, and told and listened to old stories of earlier and bygone days. Slowly and peacefully, the father sank into the grave, and, soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him to a place of rest. The few who yet survived them knelt by their tomb, and watered the green turf which covered it, with their tears; then rose, and turned away: sadly and mournfully, but not with bitter cries, or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again; and once more they mixed with the busy world, and their content and cheerfulness were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture, and concealed it from the sexton's view.

" 'What do you think of *that*?' said the goblin, turning his large face towards Gabriel Grub.

" Gabriel murmured out something about its being very pretty, and looked somewhat ashamed, as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

" 'You a miserable man!' said the goblin, in a tone of excessive contempt. 'You!' He appeared disposed to add more, but indignation choked his utterance, so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and, flourishing it above his head a little, to insure his aim, administered a good sound kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which, all the goblins in waiting crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy: according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

" 'Show him some more!' said the king of the goblins.

" At these words, the cloud was dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view—there is just such another, to this day, within half a mile of the old abbey town. The sun shone from out the clear blue sky, the water sparkled beneath his rays, and the trees looked greener, and the flowers more gay, beneath his cheering influence. The water rippled on with a pleasant sound; the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves; the birds sang upon the boughs; and the lark carolled on high her welcome to the morning. Yes, it was morning; the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. The ant crept forth to her daily toil, the butterfly fluttered and basked in the warm rays of the sun; myriads of insects spread their transparent wings, and revelled in their brief but happy existence. Man walked forth, elated with the scene; and all was brightness and splendour.

" 'You a miserable man!' said the king of the goblins, in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave his leg a flourish; again it descended on the shoulders of the sexton; and again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief.

" Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with pain from the frequent applications of the goblin's feet, looked on with an interest that nothing could diminish. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour, were cheerful and happy; and that to the most ignorant, the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. He saw those who had been delicately nurtured, and tenderly brought up, cheerful under privations, and superior to suffering that would have crushed many of a rougher grain, because they bore within their own bosoms the materials of happiness, contentment and peace. He saw that women, the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures, were the oftenest superior to sorrow, adversity and distress; and he saw that it was because they bore, in their own hearts, an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and setting all the good of the world against evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respect-

able sort of world, after all. No sooner had he formed it, than the cloud which closed over the last picture, seemed to settle on his senses, and lull him to repose. One by one, the goblins faded from his sight; and, as the last one disappeared, he sunk to sleep.

" The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying, at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker bottle lying empty by his side, and his coat, spade and lantern, all well whitened by the last night's frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first seen the goblin seated stood bolt upright before him, and the grave at which he had worked, the night before, was not far off. At first, he began to doubt the reality of his adventures, but the acute pain in his shoulders when he attempted to rise assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not ideal. He was staggered again by observing that no traces of footsteps in the snow on which the goblins had played at leap-frog with the gravestones, but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that, being spirits, they would leave no visible impression behind them. So, Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could, for the pain in his back; and, brushing the frost off his coat, put it on, and turned his face towards the town.

" But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments; and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

" The lantern, the spade, and the wicker bottle were found, that day, in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate, at first, but it was speedily determined that he had been carried away by the goblins; and there were not wanting some very credible witnesses who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse blind of one eye, with the hind-quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. At length all this was devoutly believed; and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious, for a trifling emolument, a good-sized piece of the church weathercock which had been accidentally kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his aerial flight, and picked up by himself in the churchyard, a year or two afterwards.

" Unfortunately, these stories were somewhat disturbed by the unlooked-for reappearance of Gabriel Grub himself, some ten years afterwards, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman, and also to the mayor; and in course of time it began to be received, as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to this very day. The believers in the weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once, were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again, so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone; and they

affected to explain what he supposed he had witnessed in the goblin's cavern, by saying that he had seen the world, and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time, gradually died off; and, be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism to the end of his days, this story has

at least one moral, if it teach no better one—and that is, that if a man turn sulky and drink by himself at Christmas time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it: let the spirits be never so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof, as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblin's cavern."

## The Persecution of the Motorist

By Comyns Beaumont

**T**HE motorist to-day in England, and by "motorist" I mean the owner or driver of a private car, is being most unjustly persecuted by certain sections of the Press and public, who hold him responsible for the toll of the roads. Only recently a pontifical Sunday newspaper, in total ignorance of the facts, published a violent article demanding severe penalties, imprisonment of motorists and so forth, under the heading of "No Half Measures." As things are, the motorist who is guilty of a serious accident through carelessness or drink is already being sent to gaol even with hard labour. Fortunately such offenders are few.

The Ministry of Transport has now issued a preliminary Report on Fatal Road Accidents for the first six months of 1933, and it makes acrimonious critics, like Lord Buckmaster, look a little silly. Allow me to examine them without prejudice. During the first six months of this year there were 2,998 accidents on roads proving fatal, causing 3,025 deaths. Estimating the present number of licensed motor vehicles at 2,500,000 (although it is greater), it means that one registered vehicle in every 826 has been concerned in a fatality on the roads. Lamentable as this may be, we have yet to allocate the responsibility for this one accident in 826. Among the contributory features are the roads themselves, many dangerous turns and corners, road surfaces, pedestrians or "jay-walkers," animals straying (like dogs and cats), pedal and motor cyclists, pedestrians being the main cause.

### Speed Limit Useless

As the motorist is proclaimed the guilty party, let us see his share of it. There were 1,227 private motor vehicles concerned in fatal accidents over the period, 773 motor cyclists, 869 lorries or vans, and 623 pedal cycles. Of the motor-car drivers, 474 were driving at less than 20 m.p.h., 544 at between 20 and 40 miles, and only 32 at over 40 miles. This of itself is proof that the restraint of a speed limit is useless, because only a few accidents could be set down to speeding, and the speed limit never prevented accidents. Experienced drivers like Sir Malcolm Campbell and Mr. Kay Don have frequently said that speeding on an open road is not the cause of accidents, but the failure to act at any speed when an emergency occurs. When 130 fatal accidents occurred at less than 10 m.p.h. and 434 at between 10 and 20 m.p.h., it is seen that the great number of fatalities took place at low speeds; 62 per cent. of the

total number of fatal accidents were in the "built-up" areas, that is in towns or urban districts, where speeding was not possible.

The Ministry of Transport Report does not distinguish between the various parties who were held responsible for contributory negligence, but the proportions are almost similar to the returns for the previous half-year (July-December, 1932), when the National Safety First Association were in charge of the statistics. During that period, out of every hundred accidents, pedestrians were held responsible for 39.2 per cent.; motor-cyclists for 18.4 per cent.; cyclists for 13.1 per cent.; and private motor car drivers for only 8.7 per cent. The rest of the total was made up of other causes, road defects, vehicular defects, inadequate lighting, etc., making 19.5 per cent., and unavoidable accidents being answerable for only 1.1 per cent.

### Better Driving

But, as a motorist of nearly thirty years' experience, I contend that the average motorist to-day shows far greater attention and drives far more carefully than formerly. Most crashes between cars occur at dangerous cross-roads, without traffic guides, and there should be a recognised priority of national roads as in France. Motor cyclists are responsible for far more accidents in proportion to their numbers than makes for safety. The motor cyclist with a tendency for cutting in remains a definite danger to himself and other road users. Many accidents are attributable to lack of road sense and failure to give the approved signs when stopping or turning. Women drivers are frequently indirectly responsible for accidents, because they fail to give warning of their intentions and so leave it to those behind or before to bear the brunt of their sins of omission. Nervousness and hesitation cause many accidents. The slow driver who refuses to hug the kerb is a fruitful cause of trouble.

But, when all is said and done, the greatest originator of road accidents remains the pedestrian. Every driver has to cope with persons who walk calmly in front of a moving vehicle and expect him to force on his brakes and watch for such contingencies as well as everything else. Country roads with no side-walk where there is sustained traffic should be provided with such at once, but the real remedy is to make it plain to the pedestrian that he has not a prior right to the roads, for which the car-user pays almost all the upkeep, and hold him legally responsible for accidents he causes by his own carelessness.



# **SERIAL** The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world.*

In March, 1930, however, the Stahlhelm was still going strong in Berlin, and the *Daily Herald* reported that its "chief centres were being inspected by Colonel Nikolai, one of the collaborators of Ludendorff during the War, who was 'working hand in hand with important officials of the Reichswehr.'"<sup>4</sup>

The farce was ended when, in July, President Hindenburg, who was himself a member of the Stahlhelm, intimated that he would not pay his promised visit to the Rhineland unless the ban on the Stahlhelm in that district was removed. The ban was accordingly raised, and the Stahlhelm promised not to indulge in military exercises of the same kind again. At the moment of writing (October, 1930) the Stahlhelms are cheerfully parading, 120,000 strong, through the streets of Coblenz, in military uniform almost indistinguishable from that of the Reichswehr, shouting: "Down with the Treaties! We want Alsace!" Their leader, Herr Seldte, in a speech has declared that for the Stahlhelm the present state of affairs was "not one of peace, but a summons to resistance and battle."<sup>5</sup>

## **Hordes of War Material**

As to armaments, secret hoards were found again and again by the Allied Mission during the years following the War, in one case no less than 1,000 tons of war material being discovered. These were frequently concealed on the property of big landowners, in private houses, and also in the barracks of the Reichswehr.

"Germany," wrote Carl Mertens in 1928, "professes to have given up all her stocks of munitions. She is only manufacturing those said to be necessary for her army. Yet at the beginning of 1928 a transport of munitions, rifles and guns was seized. At the end of 1927 a German boat which was transporting arms was seized in a Mexican port. At the end of 1926 a German boat which was transporting Russian arms bought by Germany foundered in Stettin harbour. And this is only a question of stocks of arms discovered by chance, but how many transports of arms may occur in secret?"<sup>6</sup>

Here we touch on the most sinister of all post-war developments—the co-operation between the German Nationalists and the Bolsheviks of Russia. Alone of all Monarchist groups, the Monarchists of Germany in their dream of a war of revenge were ready to throw in their lot with the enemies of civilisation.

"It has been verified," Carl Mertens wrote again in 1928, "that there are a number of German arms factories in Russia which produce heavy arms forbidden to Germany by the Treaty of Versailles.

These industries obtain the financial means for their business from the Reichswehr and from the Soviet Government. The Russian Commissar Stalin thanked Germany for having made the Red Army into an efficient fighting machine. This happened in 1927."<sup>7</sup>

The German Social Democrats, the only Socialists in the world who have consistently exposed the intrigues of the pan-Germans on one side and the campaign of the Bolsheviks on the other, brought forward damning evidence on this co-operation between the Reichswehr and the Red Army that had come to their knowledge at the end of 1926.

In December, 1926, that is to say the year after Locarno, and just after Germany's admission to the League of Nations, the Socialist deputy, Dr. Scheidemann denounced in the Reichstag the deliveries of munitions from Russia for the German Army, the illegal manufacture of poison gas in that country for export into Germany, and the manufacture of military aircraft for the Junker Company. He declared that the Reichswehr was receiving financial support on one hand from the Bolsheviks, and was closely connected with the Monarchist organisations and big German industrialists on the other. He further stated that a special department existed in the War Office for maintaining relations with Russia, and ended by saying: "We require that this secret arming shall be stopped. We desire good relations with Russia, but they must be honourable and clean. They are neither honourable nor clean when Russia produces world revolution and at the same time arms the German Army. No more Soviet munitions for German guns."<sup>8</sup>

## **Poison Gas**

These charges were confirmed by another Socialist deputy Herr Künstler, who published in *Vörsch*, the central organ of the Social Democratic Party, of January 11, 1927, a conversation he had held with two German workmen who had returned from Russia where they had been employed during the first half of 1926 in a poison gas factory which the German Ministry for War had set up through its agency "Gefu." This factory was located at Trotsk on the Volga and belonged to Dr. Hugo Stoltzenberg of Hamburg, a member of the Nationalist Socialist Party, (i.e. the Ludendorff and Hitler Party); it was concerned in manufacturing phosgene and "lost," known during the War as "Yellow Cross" and "Blue Cross." The workmen were controlled by German officers sent by "Gefu," and were frequently threatened by the Cheka if they revealed anything of what was going on.

<sup>4</sup> Date of March 5, 1930.

<sup>5</sup> *The Times and Morning Post*, October 7, 1930.

<sup>6</sup> France threatened by the German Sword.

<sup>7</sup> *Die Menschheit*, June 1, 1928.

<sup>8</sup> *Daily Mail*, December 17, 1926.

## SERIAL

Questions were asked in the House of Commons on the subject of the manufacture of poison gas in Russia, and it was noted that the British Socialists appeared to resent the disclosures made by their German comrades. The question of German complicity was, moreover, tactfully avoided, and when in the following October it transpired that two employees of the German Dye Trust (I.G. Farbenindustrie A.G.) at Offenbach had been poisoned through an escape of phosgene, the British public was assured that this involved no infringement of the Versailles Treaty, phosgene being required in the manufacture of dyestuffs.

Seven months later, on May 20, 1928, the world was startled by the news that Dr. Stoltzenberg's chemical factory in Hamburg—that is to say, the very company that had been running the poison gas factory at Trotsk—had suddenly exploded, with an escape of phosgene. The fumes of this gas swept the town, killing 11 people and injuring 100 more, whilst 30,000 were driven in panic from their homes.

### Phosgene at Hamburg

This time the Press in Allied countries displayed some alarm, and questions were again asked in Parliament. Replying on June 11, 1928, to Sir William Davison, who had inquired whether the store of phosgene at Hamburg was not contrary to the express terms of the Peace Treaty, Mr. Locker-Lampson, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replied that "the manufacture, storage, sale, import and export of phosgene for war purposes was forbidden," but "the manufacture of phosgene intended for industrial purposes is allowed," and he went on to say:

The facts hitherto brought to light afford no proof that the German Government has failed to ensure the observance of the conditions described above, and His Majesty's Government do not consider, therefore, that any action on their part is required. It is understood, however, that an official inquiry into the Hamburg explosion is being conducted by the German authorities. (*My italics.*)

In reply to a further question Mr. Locker-Lampson added that if there had been any infringement of the Treaty the League of Nations was entitled to hold an inquiry.

The League of Nations of course did nothing of the kind. Such was the confidence of the German authorities that the Treaty could be defied and the Allies depended on to take no action under any circumstances, that the Stoltzenberg Factory had been actually advertising the manufacture of poison gas for warfare in a Spanish magazine<sup>1</sup> two months before the Hamburg explosion. This advertisement, reproduced on this page, runs as follows in English:

### SUPER-POISONS

Manufacture, administration and study of all classes of chemical products destined for chemical warfare, whether offensive or defensive.

Pistols and cartridges loaded with irritant chemical products suitable for Police, Zoological Gardens, Circuses, etc.

Apparatus for producing irritant fogs and smoke-clouds of various colours with the object of concealing tactical movements by sea as well as by land.

<sup>1</sup> *La Guerra y su Preparacion* (Ministerio de la Guerra, Madrid), March 1928.

## ULTRAVENENOS

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As a result of the publicity provided by the Hamburg explosion, the German authorities proposed to sink the remaining stores of gas in the sea, but finally decided that this might be bad for the fishes, so ended by burying them in concrete vaults.

In February, 1929, Dr. Stoltzenberg was again advertising, this time offering to build and finance new chemical works for the manufacture of various substances, including "phosgene, the Yellow and Blue Cross groups and tear gas."

At the same time Soviet Russia, on the usual pretext that British Imperialism was contemplating an attack on the "Workers' Republic," increased her militarist activities. An intensification of the warlike spirit was being carried out all over Russia, working-men and the youth of the country were pressed into taking part in technical practice and manoeuvres. In July, 1928, the Government organised a military week of defence in which the army, working-men and all the military and civil organisations were invited to demonstrate their military skill and readiness for war.

"We call upon all the workers," said Pravda of July 8, "who while remaining at their lathes and ploughs, must take part in the strengthening of the U.S.S.R. by assisting in the task of mass militarism."

The manufacture of poison gas was being carried on rapidly. In answer to a question on this subject by Sir Alfred Knox in the House of Commons on March 15, 1927, the reply was made on behalf of the Government that "the study of gas warfare was being actively pursued in Soviet Russia. Numerous factories had been set up or were in course of erection which were, or would be, capable of poison gas production on a very considerable scale. . . . There is not the slightest doubt that much greater preparations are being made in Russia than anywhere else in the world."

*Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; September 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 11, 18, 25; December 2, 9 and 16.*

# The Theatre : A Revue of 1933

## Why the Theatres are Losing to the Talkies

By Prince Nicolas Galitzine

**T**HE past year in the theatre revealed successful enterprise of youth and unfortunately still a certain degree of hidebound conventionality, often hiding under the name of Tradition, on the part of the firmly established drama.

Two outstanding successes belonging to the first category, were "Richard of Bordeaux," by Gordon Daviot, which created a deluge of "period" plays, both on the stage and the screen, by its sympathetic and modern treatment of historical characters, and "The late Christopher Bean," by Emlyn Williams, another straight play of clear construction, beautifully acted.

Most of the other productions easily sink into the oblivion of time, except perhaps "Fresh Fields" (Ivor Novello), "The Lake" (Dorothy Massingham), and "The Green Bay Tree" (Mordaunt Shairp). All by authors with much more experience than the first two. The dramatists of established reputation, such as Bernard Shaw, Clemence Dane, John van Druten, and Somerset Maugham did nothing to enhance it. "Dinner at Eight" was the only American play to achieve success.

### George Robey's Triumph

The oldest type of musical comedy was still foisted on to an unappreciative public. One hopes that very mediocre productions such as "Wild Violets" (Drury Lane), "Give me a Ring" (Hippodrome), and "Ball at the Savoy" (Drury Lane) will help to alter this state of affairs, especially as in most cases they are of foreign extraction. On the other hand an all-British musical effort, "The Jolly Roger," overcoming strike difficulties at the last moment was instrumental in showing up Mr. George Robey in truly triumphant colours.

However, most of the other outstanding individual performances again fell to the younger set of the profession. John Gielgud is fast becoming one of our best actors on the English stage. The colourful finesse of his Richard II is admirable. Mary Ellis in "Music in the Air" I have heard described by very severe musical critics as the only revue actress who can sing. But Elizabeth Bergner easily outshines any acting we have seen on the London stage in 1933.

### The Open-Air Theatre

The unusual spell of hot weather was contributory to the popularity of Mr. Sydney Carroll's open-air theatre in Regent's Park; the productions were wisely put in the hands of Robert Atkins, the Shakespearean specialist.

The unrestricted conviviality of this new venture brings me to the question of theatres in general. During the past year London has had no new theatres and only one reconstruction that definitely

had the comfort of its clientele in view, that of the Apollo. Ever since the advent of the palatial talkie-houses, I have been meeting scores of people who much prefer spending an evening in their cheap luxury instead of going to a play.

To start with it is so much simpler. They have not got the uncertainty and bother of booking their tickets at exorbitant prices, when some "cocksure" theatrical magnate completely loses all sense of proportion and decency by charging a guinea for first night seats. Nor are they bound by irritating and arbitrary regulations.

### Comfort and Cloakrooms

Then there is the question of comfort. The American Theatre is made to resemble a private drawing room as much as possible. The stalls are armchairs beautifully sprung and upholstered; the lights are shaded, soft; the decor seldom includes gilded cherubs; the attendants have the quiet efficiency of private servants. The Londoner has to tax the endurance of his temper and constitution to the utmost. He is lucky if he survives one play with either of them undamaged.

The first danger he meets is at his own table or restaurant, where he contracts violent indigestion by gulping his dinner in an attempt to be in time for the opening of the play. There are dozens of ridiculous reasons why London shows do not begin at a reasonably convenient hour, as in every other Capital. The chief of them is D.O.R.A. The second interval of the show, starting at nine, would have to be dry, and so would the supper? What an evening out!

His next pitfall is the cloakroom. These essential conveniences are just afterthoughts in the architectural schemes of all London playhouses. Catering on an average for fifteen hundred people their floor spaces are never over ten square feet. Therefore, the public have the choice of either ruining their best outer-garments by stuffing them on the dirty floor underneath their seats, or trustfully confining them to the muddling oblivion of an official cubbyhole, and wasting half an hour after the show in desperate wrangling for their recovery. The Strand Theatre is a shining example in this respect!

To revive his flagging spirits, if a man is foolhardy enough, (why a woman is less emancipated than her European sister is apparent later), he might venture in between acts to partake of some light refreshment. Here he will need all his six feet and a good deal of brawn! and then be lucky if, at an exorbitant price after ten minutes battle, he succeeds in carrying away a thimble-full of unspilt liquid. A vision of red plush settees and armchairs in a carpeted room as big as an auditorium—the Theatre de Paris—teases his brain; and then he recollects that in some theatres of Berlin they even serve supper during the play!



# Cold Weather Motoring

## Summer and Winter Compared

### Folly of False Economy

By KAYE DON

**M**OTORISTS are continually being urged to change over from summer to winter oil in cold weather. Many of them still "economise" by keeping old oil in their cars.

In order to test the relative effectiveness of summer and winter oils in cold weather, the Vacuum Oil Company had a series of tests carried out by the National Physical Laboratory and the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of Birmingham.

At the National Physical Laboratory tests were carried out to compare the starting ability of a 16 h.p. 6-cylinder engine when lubricated with "winter" and then with "summer" oils.

The engine was enclosed in an ice-box and was kept at freezing temperature for about an hour. It was then motored at various speeds up to about 110 r.p.m. and the power absorbed measured by a dynamometer.

The results given in the National Physical Laboratory report may be summarised as follows:—

The power required to turn the engine at a reasonable speed was approximately 50 per cent. greater with a summer oil than it was when a special winter grade oil was used.

The power was reduced proportionately with intermediate oils.

The same engine in identical mechanical conditions was then installed in a complete car and tested by the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of Birmingham in a cold temperature maintained at 32 degrees Fahrenheit. The car, complete with battery, was left in the cold chamber to bring it to a uniform temperature.

Before being placed in the cold chamber, the car was given a 50-mile road test in order to make sure that the oil distribution was complete and that the actual test conditions as nearly as possible similar to actual operating conditions.

The electric starter was then applied for three seconds and the engine speeds were recorded. With different oils they were respectively:—

133 r.p.m.

103 r.p.m.

72 r.p.m.

61 r.p.m.

This means that with summer oil in the engine the starting motor had to be operated for three seconds before the engine attained the running speed necessary for starting, whereas with winter oil the engine attained the same speed in approximately one second.

It is interesting to note that the power required to start the engine tested at Birmingham University was approximately the same as that necessary in the case of the tests carried out by the National Physical Laboratory.

In the Birmingham University tests, Shell No. 1 Petrol was used and at the National Physical Laboratory Pratt's High Test, both of which can for all practical purposes be regarded as equal.

Following the completion of the tests, the Vacuum Oil Company received the warm congratulations of Major C. G. Nevatt, President of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, for its "foresight and courage" in submitting its products to "such exhaustive tests by the highest independent authorities."

Messrs. Blackie & Sons announce that it is their intention to extend the general side of their publishing and that they have been fortunate in securing the services in an Editorial capacity of Mr. C. W. Chamberlain who recently retired from the position of Managing Director of Methuen & Co. Mr. Chamberlain's Office will be at 50, Old Bailey, the London Office of Blackie & Son.



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## "Ave Atque Vale"

Robert Anning Bell, R.A.

By F. ERNEST JACKSON

**R**OBERT ANNING BELL was one of a number of men of the end of last century who, trained to architecture, ultimately developed an artistic activity in avenues parallel to architecture but not in architecture itself. He was a decorative painter and craftsman of high sensibility and considerable power. His earliest work shows that innate tendency towards art which was stylistic and symbolical.

This attitude of mind towards the art of book illustration induced him to accept Italian fifteenth century engravings as models for his illustrations of Shakespeare and Keats and also for many beautifully designed book-plates. In the Illustrations to the "Dream of Polyphilus" Robert Anning Bell seemed to find an echo of his own graceful mind and in discovering this work he revealed himself.

Anning Bell's work contains indeed something of a grace and love of evanescent gentleness which can be found only in the art of England. There is some quality in it which is at once sensuous and yet unimpassioned, a charm of colour and a remoteness of action in his figure compositions which suggests the world of the imagination.

With his unerring judgment as a craftsman which never failed him he turned for inspiration and instruction when he worked in mosaic to the notable works in that medium which adorn the churches at Ravenna and Palermo, but it was for guidance and not for purposes of imitation; for his own work in mosaic was personal and vital, a growth from the main root of the art and not a dim reflection in a northern clime of the radiant stones of Sicily. His beautiful lunette over the main door of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster is true mosaic by a true English artist and not a colourable imitation of bogus Italian work.

Of himself he often said that his work in stained glass was his best work, but excellent and beautiful as it is, it is not easy now to estimate which branch of his work will later be thought most worthy of him. He will suffer the disadvantage under which all great decorators suffer, whose work by its very nature is permanently situated in buildings, and it will not be possible to show of his finest in any temporary collection of his work.

He was for many years an active member of the Art Workers' Guild, a body of artists and craftsmen whose deliberations and exchange of ideas relating to the plastic arts are never published to the world. He was elected Master of the Guild in 1921. Enough has been said to reveal a distinguished artistic personality, but this account of Robert Anning Bell would be incomplete without some mention of his character. He was a loyal and unselfish friend, generous and kindly and full of mental energy. He possessed a wit which was never cruel and a genial humour which made him an attractive and happy companion, and the

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disappointments which are the lot of all men never froze or soured his heart.

[An article on "Art and Modern Art" written by Mr. Anning Bell just before his death appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of November 18th.]

# Sir Thomas Sees It Through

## The Renaissance of Covent Garden

By Herbert Hughes

**O**PERA has always been an intriguing matter. Through the ages, in each of those civilised countries where opera houses are to be found, the presentation of grand opera has been definitely and literally a matter of intrigue. The rivalries of patrons, of impresarios, of leading ladies, of tenors; it is a long and comic and ridiculous and boring story that would fill many volumes.

Who has not read of Handel and his enemies, of Gluck, of Lully at the Court of Louis Quatorze?

For many years past Covent Garden opera has been a dead horse for anyone to flog! The choice of operas, of singers, of conductors; the standard of performance, the scenery, the lighting—these have been perennial topics for criticism or gossip or scandalous talk, or all three. The wrong people were generally in control, and if occasionally the right person would do the right thing, it was surrounded by so much that was inept that even he (or she) got more kicks than ha'pence.

### The Subsidy Farce

Hardly more than three years ago the depth of ineptitude was reached when the Socialist Government was persuaded to suggest a subsidy. The history of that affair, with all that it involves of personalities and ambitions, is a comic chapter tinged with tragedy.

Sometimes in the foreground, more often in the background of recent operatic history, flitted the Puck-like figure of Sir Thomas Beecham. He was never far away. And when things were at their very worst he was quietly building up the finest orchestra this country has ever known. He did this, too, in the teeth of a colossal institution which was all but monopolising the music of the country; did it at a time when most societies were in desperate straits.

Amalgamation, co-operation, concentration; these were the three factors brought into play by

his faery wand with the success that we know. Never has London had so much fine orchestral music as during the last couple of years. Contrary to all expectation the complex and unceasing activities of the B.B.C. only seemed to stimulate the thirty-years-old L.S.O. and the newly-formed London Philharmonic, even if the concerts of the two latter should be financially precarious, and continue to be so. And at Sadler's Wells—where Mr. Geoffrey Toye is co-director—we have now a Volksoper hardly surpassed in Europe.

With the formation of the new syndicate at Covent Garden Sir Thomas reaches the culminating point (so far) of his career. With Lord Allendale presiding over a directorate consisting of Lord Lloyd, Lady Cunard, Lord Esher, Lord Stonehaven, Mr. Ronald True, Mr. Benjamin Guinness, and Mr. Philip Hill, with Mr. Geoffrey Toye as managing director and Beecham himself in virtual artistic control, the old Royal Opera has now probably the most brilliant management it has ever known. All this, of course, would have meant comparatively little did it not also go with the modernising of the historic building. New stage equipment, new dressing rooms, an improved foyer, an enlarged gallery, with the beautiful and acoustically faultless auditorium left intact—all this means that when it opens next May the Royal Opera Covent Garden will be one of the most perfect establishments of its kind in the world.

The promise of a double season of German and Italian opera will please most people, likewise the promise of new scenery for the production of the *Ring*. If I am not mistaken the public will find that in the new *Arabella*, which is to come into the German repertory, the hand of the septuagenarian Richard Strauss has got back its old cunning. Weinberger's jolly *Schwanda, der Dudelsackpfeifer*, which has delighted half the opera houses on the continent has been long overdue, and its inclusion in the list of works to be mounted is another indication that the new syndicate is wide awake.

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# Treasury and New Issues

## Maintaining an Unnecessary "Ban"

[By Our City Editor]

THE City is accustomed now to the formula of Treasury permission which appears on the occasion of each conversion operation or new loan by one of the Dominions to the effect that the raising of the "ban" on issues involving the export of capital and on Trustee issues is to be regarded as applying only to this or that particular case, but a more unpleasant reminder of what is now regarded as an out-of-date restriction was given last week in the announcement that a proposed issue on behalf of a British-owned mining company would not be permitted. The San Francisco Mines of Mexico, on whose behalf the issue was to be made, suspended mining operations at the end of 1931 and it was now proposed to resume working and development, for which programme it was estimated that £200,000 of new capital was needed.

The issue of this would, of course, have meant the export from this country of a certain amount of funds, but a considerable amount of employment must have resulted in Mexico, and to a lesser extent in Great Britain, on the resumption of operations with consequent benefit to the British shareholders. It will be remembered that a ban was previously put upon the export of funds which would have been necessary for the repatriation of the controlling interest in Boots Pure Drug Company, though a means was later devised of completing the desired deal. Then, however, the exchange position was rather different from that of the present day and the restriction was considered by many to be justified, but it is not understood in the City why the rule concerning "foreign" issues should be adhered to with the dollar exchange at over \$5 to the £ and no apparent anxiety to increase the value of sterling in terms of the franc and the other gold currencies.

It is essential to Britain's economic recovery that the international financial machine should be restored as nearly as possible to its former state of efficiency and it is unfortunate that the Treasury should assist in throwing sand in its wheels in the shape of any unnecessary restriction. The City has strong ideas concerning Governmental intervention of any kind and it is to be hoped that the Treasury will realise that the time has come when the abolition of all restrictions upon exchange will be not only a popular move, but also a helpful one.

### Suing Mississippi

An interesting action is to be brought in the Federal Supreme Court of the United States against the State of Mississippi in respect of the Bonds of that State which have been in default since 1841. As an action can only be brought in this Court by another State of U.S.A. or by a foreign State and Mississippi, by amending her constitution has already ruled out claims on the bonds in her own Courts, a holding of bonds has been presented to the Principality of Monaco which has entered the action against Mississippi. British holders are largely concerned with the long-standing defaults of the American States and the British Corporation of Foreign Bondholders has made many attempts to secure recognition of the bonds of the old American State loans in respect of which there has been default or repudiation. These total some \$60,000,000 of which Mississippi's portion is \$7,000,000.

From the City's point of view the interest in the action lies in the fact that, if successful, the bonds would promptly acquire a market value instead of being, as for years past, purely nominal securities. It is to be feared, however, that the U.S.A. will take rather less interest in the past defaults of her own States than in the vexed question of how many millions of War Debts can be exacted from Europe. The suggestion, made some time since, that the American defaulted loans should be offset against Britain's War Debt to the U.S.A. was by no means a foolish one.

### Tea Shares

Tea shares have come into some prominence since the increase of the export quota by 2½ per cent. to 87½ per cent. under the restriction scheme instituted in April last. The real cause of the improvement in the position is the recovery in sale prices which has allowed many of the companies to pay off their arrears of preference dividends, as we suggested would be the case some weeks ago in these columns, and thus the attention of the market has been drawn to the fact that the way is being rapidly cleared for the resumption of substantial ordinary dividends. Production costs have been largely reduced during the past three years to meet the cut-throat sales competition and most of the companies can earn good dividends on present sale prices.

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## The Cinema Alice in Wonderland

By MARK FORREST

IT may be said at once that Hollywood has made a very good job of "Alice in Wonderland" and all children, and those grown up people who haven't forgotten how to be young, should enjoy it. There are one or two interpolations in the text and a few changes have been made in the story to improve the continuity, but for the most part the scenario writers have kept to the original with the addition of large chunks from "Through the Looking Glass."

The settings are excellent and the reproduction of Tenniel's drawings remarkable. The music, however, strikes rather too modern a note, and I am sorry that the Mad Hatter's teaparty is played facetiously, instead of seriously.

In an immense cast it is difficult to pick out individual performances, but the Alice of Charlotte Henry is a charming piece of work, though her accent and that of nearly everyone else strikes a discordant note. Gary Cooper's White Knight, the Humpty-Dumpty of W. C. Fields, the Mock Turtle of Cary Grant and Alison Skipworth's Duchess are the performances which I especially liked. This is certainly a film the children should see, even if one disapproves of the cinema for them.

*Alice in Wonderland.* Directed by Norman McLeod. Plaza.

## Broadcasting Notes

AT this season of the year it is customary to take stock of the events of the last twelve months and to count our blessings, and it may not be unprofitable, therefore, to consider what progress has been made during the tenth year of broadcasting.

The outstanding events are, I suppose, the so-called brighter Sunday programmes, the roguish way in which the Director of Variety has nestled close to the impulsive heart of the great British public, and the Festival of Radio Drama. I say I suppose these are the outstanding events because the B.B.C. tells us that they are. Let us examine them a little more closely.

Sunday programmes, as far as I can see, are no better and no worse than they were before. True, there is more broadcasting on Sunday, but the standard has not been raised or altered in any way. Shakespeare on Sunday is not a new idea, but merely a development of a practice which was in full swing as long ago as 1926, and in any case Shakespeare is no more suitable for Sunday consumption than many other dramatists.

I have said so much already about light programmes that I do not propose to pursue the subject any further except to repeat that they show no signs of improvement. The latest effort in this direction, "Scrapbook, 1913," was a poor piece of work, produced with little or no imagination.

The festival of radio drama was not worth the time and trouble spent upon it. Some of the plays were not worth including, and those that were would have been repeated in any case, festival or no festival.

For the rest, there were some outstanding musical programmes and a considerable improvement in the standard and presentation of talks. But it does not do to speak of such things; they have no publicity value.

The general conclusions which I should draw are that programmes suffer from insufficient direction: there is no programme dictator with a real knowledge of his subject and the courage of his convictions. Moreover, far too much scope is given to the bright boys of the "Oh, do let's" type, and, finally, little or no attempt is made by the B.B.C. to find out what listeners really enjoy.

I can see no real hope that things will improve in 1934, since the same people, many of them incompetent, are ploughing the same old furrow, and no internal shuffling in the matter of appointments is going to make the slightest difference.

Still, perhaps I am a pessimist. Perhaps the Director of Variety will pop down my chimney this Christmas with a lovely sack of goodies. If he does, I shall be ready for him—with a mallet.

ALAN HOWLAND.

## COMPANY MEETING

### CARRERAS LIMITED

The annual general meeting was held on Tuesday last at Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

SIR LOUIS B. BARON, Bt., the chairman, who presided, said:—

After writing off all expenses, including the contribution to the Staff Superannuation Fund, and making full provision for depreciation, the nett profit for the year amounts to £819,936.

From this total your directors propose to appropriate the various amounts mentioned in the Report, which will leave a balance of £1,249,596 to be carried forward to next year, as compared with £1,140,892 brought into this year's accounts.

Owing to the expansion of the business both at home and abroad, your directors thought it prudent to increase the capital of the Company by the issue of £1,000,000 4½ per cent. Redeemable Preference Shares. The issue took place in March last, and we are proud to say that the credit of your Company is such that we had to close the list within a very short time of its opening, owing to this being subscribed for many times over. Those who showed their confidence in us were rewarded, as the shares were immediately quoted at a premium.

During the past year competition had become increasingly acute, and in a plan devised by the Tobacco Trade Association, which represents all sections of the trade, to deal with a number of questions affecting the organisation of the industry there was included by general agreement a provision which was designed to put an end to coupon trading in the industry.

During the past year, our export business has been well maintained, and in some respects has shown an improvement, and the prospects of this side of our business continue to augur well for the future. Three years ago we joined forces with an old-established business in Australia, and started manufacturing our brands there. It took a little time for the Australian Company to get itself thoroughly organised for increased production and distribution, but you will be glad to hear that it is a paying proposition, and has been from the start, each year showing an improvement over the last.

The resolutions were then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.



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ONE of the strangest things we know of, bearing in mind the advancement of our Professional, Commercial, and Financial Life of to-day, is that there exists a large class of Property Holders who are not aware that they possess any property at all, and who, therefore, in many instances suffer privation often for many years. Our experience day by day proves it, and we see not only that such a class exists, but it exists to the enormous extent of at least three out of five holders of that kind of property which we have in mind, and they are not aware that they possess—as they do possess—anything in the nature of disposable, realisable marketable property for their own and immediate substantial benefit.

Species of Property.

That particular section of the public which we have in mind is that which at some distant, certain, or uncertain date are, or become, entitled under the Will of some relative, friend or other person, to money, property, annuity, income or reversion. Likewise many of those who are already in possession of and are enjoying an income or annuity as a life interest are not cognisant of the fact that such may be at once capitalised into a lump sum by way of sale thereof, or that capital may be raised thereupon by way of an advance with no other security required of them.

The Importance of a Specialist.

Without entering upon a description which would of necessity be far too lengthy for the purpose of this announcement of the various and numerous classes of Future Property, we take this opportunity to tender ADVICE TO ALL WHO HAVE EXPECTATIONS TO MONEY, INVESTMENTS, PROPERTY, OR LEGACIES, UNDER WILLS, SETTLEMENTS, DEEDS, ETC., ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS OR RELATIVES, OR ON FIXED INCOMES, OR ON MONEY IN CHANCERY, OR ANY OTHER LEGAL DOCUMENT OR ARRANGEMENT, HOWEVER REMOTE AND OF WHATEVER SIZE, LARGE OR SMALL, AS FOLLOWS:

1. THAT SUCH CAN BE CAPITALISED.
2. THAT WE CAN RAISE FOR THEM THE MARKET VALUE EITHER BY SALE OUTRIGHT OR BY NEGOTIATING AN ADVANCE UPON THE SAME BY THE BANKS OR ONE OF THE GREAT FINANCIAL HOUSES.
3. THAT ONLY THE EXPERT WHO MAKES HIS SPECIALITY THAT PARTICULAR CLASS OF BUSINESS CAN BE OF REAL SERVICE TO YOU.
4. THAT BETWEEN 4-5 PER CENT. PER ANNUM IS AMPLE INTEREST TO BE PAID UPON ANY SUCH ADVANCE.
5. THAT WE CAN ARRANGE FOR SUCH ADVANCES TO REMAIN OUT FOR ANY NUMBER OF YEARS IF DESIRED. THE INTEREST CAN BE PAID QUARTERLY, HALF-YEARLY OR YEARLY.

## THE PAGET GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED

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